

To the W O R S H I P F U L
Stamford Farrin, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgessees,

And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
TOWN of NORTHAMPTON;

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton* from the 18th Day of *Dec. 1755*, to the 21st Day of *Dec. 1756*; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 2) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 7. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 4. The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

Diseases **A** Bortive 5 | Chincough 1 | Childbed 2 | Dropsy 4 | Palsy 3 | Teeth 4
 Aged 21 | Cancer 1 | Consumption 24 | Fever 9 | Measles 1 | Twisting of }
 Apoplexy 3 | Cholick 1 | Convulsion 28 | Jaundice 1 | Small-Pox 31 | the Guts } 1

Whereof have died,
Under Two Years old - 54 || Five and Ten - 7 || Thirty and Forty - 7 || Sixty and Seventy 15
Between Two and Five - 12 || Ten and Twenty 5 || Forty and Fifty - 4 || Seventy and Eighty 5
 || Twenty and Thirty 13 || Fifty and Sixty - 11 || Eighty and Ninety 7

C H R I S T E N E D.				B U R I E D.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total
ALL-SAINTS.	57	43	100	68	72	140
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	16	16	32	12	10	22
St. GILES'S.	18	19	37	20	24	44
St. PETER'S.	1	1	2	3	2	5
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				3	11	14
In the whole Town.	92	79	171	106	119	225
	Increased - - - 9			Increased - - - 77		

☞ There have been buried of the Small-Pox this Year in the Town of Northampton. In the Parish of All-Saints 31. In St. Sepulchre's 1. In St. Giles's 13. In St. Peter's and the Meeting there 3. In all 48.

DEATH was not Man's Inheritance; but
LIFE,
Immortal, but a Paradise of Bliss,
The Gifts of God's Right Hand! till monstrous Sin,
The Motley Child of Satan, and of Hell,
Invited dire *Disease* into the World,
The Portion, and the Scourge of mortal Man.
From every Quarter, Lamentations loud,
And Sighs resound, and rueful Peals of Groans:
A thousand, and ten thousand hideous Shapes,
An execrable Crew, in Silence wait,
And scent their Prey, athirst for Human Life.
But chiefly WAR, for War is a *Disease*,
The felliest of the fell, with Blood distain'd,
Shakes her red Arm, and Ruin, blazing wide,
Stalks at her Heels, and desolates the Globe.
And what art thou, so foul, so bloated-black,
So loathsome to each Sense, the Sight, or Smell,
VARIOLA, what art thou? whence proceeds

Thy Virulence, which all, but we, escape,
Thou nauseous Enemy to Human Kind?
In Man, and Man alone, thy mystic Seed
Lie unprolific, 'till Infection rouse
Her pois'nous Particles, of proper Size,
Figure, and Measure, to exert their Power
Of Impregnation; quick the Venom runs
Destructive of our Frame, it boils along;
As Adders, deaf to Beauty, Wit, and Youth,
It rushes thro' the Blood, and taints the streaming
Fount.
New Horrors rise: In every pricking Vein,
A fork'd Flame drives on the rapid Flood
Of throbbing Life, excurive from the Laws
Of sober Nature, and harmonious Health.
Or torpid sinks the Head, or now is torn
With Pangs insufferable, pulsive Starts,
* The SMALL-POX is a Distemper peculiar to the
Human Species.

And pungent Aches, griding thro' the Brain,
To Madness hurrying the tormented Sense,
And Hate of Being—Whither, ah! is fled
The scarlet Wave, which floated thro' the Cheek,
Mantling with Health; and where, in Tincture just,
The vernal Lilly's softly-blended Bloom?
Ah too, the Lustre of the Eyes is fled!
In Darkness quench'd, their Orbs neglect to roll,
Clos'd, and perhaps for ever! ne'er again
To open on the Sphere, and drink the Day.
Forbear to murmur; 'tis Heav'n's high Command.
Tho' Darkness, thro' the Chambers of the Grave,
This Dust pursue, and Death's sad Shade involve,
E're long the FILIAL-LIGHT himself shall shine:
(The Stars are Dust to him, the Sun a Shade)
These very Eyes, these Tunicles of Flesh,
Ev'n tho' by Worms destroy'd, shall see our GOD,
And seeing, ne'er remember Darkness more,
Environ'd with ETERNITY of DAY.

